THE NATIONAL UNION.

"THERE CAN BE NO NEUTRALS IN THIS WAR—ONLY PATRIOTS AND TRAITORS."—DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

ENOS B REED, Editor

OFFICE—No. 28 West Fourth St. opposite PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

CINCINNATI,
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 16.

The Assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

Our citizens yesterday morning awoke to the realization of a sadder horror. Murder most foul and horrible laid violent hands upon a nation's head and the State's Prime Minister. In the Capital of a great people, honored by the name of the "Father of his Country." The state was thick with direful rumors, and many looked in each other's faces and read strange matter therein. The papers were eagerly seized and while one read the tragic intelligence others gathered around and held their breath, while horror was depicted on every countenance. Soon the feeling began to pervade each breast—that the worst had not been told. Then came the mitigated horror. The details of the bloody deed went from mouth to mouth, but they could hardly be exaggerated—murder had done its worst in slaying one to whom the eyes of the entire nation was directed, for all considered the life of Abraham Lincoln, at the present time more valuable than that of any other man, and there were those who would willingly have laid down their lives and bared their bosoms that the assassin's bullet, if by so doing he could have been spared to the country.

Some two or three years ago, a Richmond paper used language to the following effect:

"That if the South was defeated, like Samson of old, it would level for the pillars of the temple" Blind, indeed, was the South if this had been their wish. And who can doubt it. Finding they can not rule, they have resolved to ruin. But that ruin will fall with ten-fold violence upon their own heads. They have killed their best friend, one who was most lenient to them as a strong and misguided people. Terrible will be the retribution visited upon their heads. The dreadful deed will unite the North, and his blood will cement men on all classes, and every name of a Southerner will become a by-word and a reproach to all people.

We do not desire to draw upon our imagination, and make unreasonable comparisons, but is there not a striking coincidence in the fact that upon the same day that the Christian world recognizes as that upon which Christ our Saviour was crucified by his enemies, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by the enemies of the best Government God ever gave to man.

The day on which Christ was nailed to the accursed tree, of all other days in the year, was chosen by accursed traitors to murder one who had done more for his country's welfare than any man now living. One who had won the affections of the people, despite the opposition, threats and the unreasoned shafts of malicious traitors.

Not satisfied with the death of the nation's head, the life of Secretary Seward, which he been hovering between the seen and the unseen world, was also taken, and a delegation was stabbed in his bed. Oh! must brave were the murderers! One of their victims was the from behind, and the other in his bed. In this another specimen of that boasted chivalry which murders prisoners in cold blood, and fears the dwellings of helpless women and children! In this mode of the work of hands that flood the hotels of New York, where defenseless men and helpless innocence had sought a refuge. It is past and parcel of the same villainy, and as stone is loving God it will not be suffered to go unpunished. This horror never had a parallel. It stands alone in its dreadful reality and we search in vain the records of the past for something to liken it unto.

Friday was a most beautiful day; but to the eight actors, as if weeping at the horrid deed ached copious [illegible] ——ening the greater portion of Saturday with its gentle rain.

Sunday dawned, and the windows of heaven were opened and one would almost fancy that angels' tears were mingled with those of weeping humanity.

Cause, indeed, have we to mourn as a nation—for never was a nation so bereaved. The bravest man and the purest is no more—

"Death, grim death,
Now bids him be his fellow arms."

This is not indeed of calamity, but a cause for gratitude, although all our grief cannot restore the dead we can but grieve—although not yet in its full force can we appreciate one loss. When two such men as Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward die on the same day, by the assassin's hand, the nation may well put on sack cloth and ashes, and become as mourning through the land.

"All as it now—with wave flows on wave,
But the sea cries not!"

An Enthused City.

Our citizens were perfectly wild with excitement on Monday night, on account of the news of the surrender of Lee. The bells throughout the city, at all accessible, were vigorously rung while the thunder of cannon reverberated from street to street. One enthusiastic party went through the city trailing a cannon after them. Every [illegible] was planted at one of the entrances to the Fifth Street Market House, and fired through with stunning effect. Gas lamps were shattered in divers localities, and at last a propitious moment was made, and caused out in force, to take the cannon up into the second story of a large building on Fourth street, and fire it from one of the windows. The gun was dragged up the steps, but before command was given to fire it was not fixed. From midnight until early in the morning streets were filled with enthusiastic men, women and children, and bon fires blazed to every direction. We doubt if just such a scene ever occasioned before to our good Queen City, or ever will again.

☞ It is alleged that General Warren has demanded a Court of Inquiry to investigate the cause of his removal. Sheridan was his Court of Inquiry, he did not like its tardy movements and sent him to the rear. He is no doubt willing to end controversies well the death he gave him.

☞ We wonder if the Enquirer, of this city is still of the opinion that the rebels can never be conquered, or has it changed its mind since the news of the surrender of Lee?

The Assassination at Washington.

From Telegraphic Dispatches to the Daily Papers of the 15th.

In anticipation that our late dispatches will bring us additional particulars of the terrible tragedy at Washington, we have clipped from the daily papers of yesterday the more important events as telegraphed from the capital, principally from the Gazette.

[From the Gazette's special correspondent.]

I obtained from Quartermaster General Meigs the following account of the assassination about half past 10 o'clock P. M., a message in a dark suit and hat entered the private box in which Mr. Lincoln and his party, consisting of Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris (daughter of Senator Harris,) and Captain Rathbone, of Albany, were seated. Immediately on opening the door, he advanced toward Mr. Lincoln with his barrelled weapon in his hand and his double bowie knife to his left. The president, who was evidently upon the play, did not notice him for a minute, and the assassin was then heard to say, rose to inquire the reason of his entry. Before he had time to ask the assassin who he wanted, he fired one charge from his revolver, which took effect on the back of the President's head. The ball passed through and came out at the right temple.

Captain Rathbone attempted to arrest the murderer, and in trying to do so, received a blow in his arm. The assassin then leaped from the box upon the stage. Before he disappeared behind the curtain, he turned, and with his right hand and knee, waved his knife and shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

This was the motto of Italy, that for some months after the occurrence the audience supposed that it was a part of the play, and were only undeceived when it was announced from the stage, by the managers, that the President of the United States had been shot. The shock all upon the audience like a thunder-bolt, and cool cries were immediately raised to kill the rogue the assassin.

The scene which ensued cannot be described. Men and women rushed for the doors, exploded shooting for vengeance on the murderous The murderous emissary of the slave power escaped easily and rapidly from the theater, mounted a horse, and escaped. The President is said to be insensible, and has not said a word, one house opposite the theater, Mrs. Lincoln elected to the box and was beside of miles Rathbone.

The name of the evidence to-night is that J. Wilkes Booth committed the crime. Whether it is there are reasons for thinking that the same hand and bloody hand attempted the life of Secretary Seward. His wounds were made by a knife as big as that waved on the stage, and the [illegible] *semper tyrannus*, spoken

The following was telegraphed to the Associated Press, in relation to the attack on Secretary Seward:

The facts are substantially as follows: About no o'clock a man rang the bell, and the colored servant boy answered. He refused entrance, and the man pushed him aside and said he was a messenger from Dr. Verdi, Secretary Seward's family physician, with a prescription. At the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying, in answer to the servant, that he must see the Secretary, as he was instructed with the particular directions concerning the medicine.

The servant still on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could cross the room, he did. He pushed the servant aside, and rushed heavily toward the Secretary's room. He was there met by Mr. Frederick Seward, or his son, who demanded to see the Secretary, on seeing the same representations which he did to the servant. The latter passed in the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a billy, scarcely injuring the skull, and felling him almost senseless.

The assassin then rushed into the chamber of the wounded Mr. Seward, Fanny U. S. A. and Mr. Hansell, a messenger of the State Department, and two male nurses, disabling them all and rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed in the room, and inflicted three stabs in the neck, but severing it, he supposed, no one else, though he bled profusely. The assassin then rushed down stairs, mounted his horse at the door, and rode off before an alarm could be sounded, and in the same manner as the assassination of the President.

There is evidence that Secretary Stanton was also marked for assassination.

On receipt of the intelligence at the War Department of the attack on the President, the [illegible] of the Department were sent to arrest [illegible] Secretary, but as they approached [illegible] being in front of the house, they supposed it is well known to be the custom of the Secretary to go from the department to his house between nine and twelve o'clock P. M. and usually unattended. It is supposed that the assassin intended to shoot him as he entered the house, but failed, from the fact that Mr. Stanton remained at home during the evening.

It has also been announced in the Washington papers that General Grant would be at Ford's Theater on Friday night, but he took the car for New Jersey. There is but little doubt he was the conspirator who selected his assassination.

The following additional we clip from the Times of last evening:

Secretary Stanton telegraphed to Genesee Fox. It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the last of March, but not through them because the committee backed out until Richmond could be heard from. Booth and his accomplice were a [illegible] of a 4 o'clock train this morning, and left them with the horses about 10 o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It will soon be ascertained how they have been keeping the horse, but for some unknown reason it was left carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore he other has not yet been traced.

Washington, April 15—12 M.

Andrew Johnson was sworn into office as President of the United States, by Chief Justice Chase, to day at 11 o'clock. Secretaries McCulloch and Attorney General Speed, also others were present. He remarked: "The duties are plain and simple, and can be done, trusting in God. Gentlemen, I shall lean upon God.

"I feel that I shall need your support. I am deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the responsibility of the duties of the office I am assuming."

Mr. Johnson appeared to be to somewhat excited health, and has a slight scratching sense of the head that at once caused upon his

The assassin of President Lincoln left behind him the bel was picked up in the President's box, and has been identified by parties to whom it has been shown as the property belonging to the suspected man, and correctly described by other parties out allowed to see it before identified.

The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as the property of a stable where the same man hires a horse in the evening.

A preliminary examination was made by Mr. Richards and his assistants

Several persons was called to testify, and the evidence as elicited before an informal manner not go under oath, was conclusive to the guilt. The murders of President Lincoln were John Wilkes Booth: his hat was found in the box, and was identified by several persons who had seen him within the last two days and the spur which he dropped by accident also identified to the same. was identified as one of those which he had obtained from the stable where he hired his horses.

The person who attacked Secretary Seward left behind him a navy bowie knife, and an old cavalry revolver. The chambers were broken loose from the barrel and done by striking.

The knife was drawn from the chambers on being but a rough piece of lead, and the ball and powder found in the chambers, wrapped in paper, as if to keep them from falling out.

Washington, April 15—11 P. M.

The Star says at 30 minutes past seven o'clock the President breathed his last, as a gentle sigh, and his countenance assumed that expression of perfect serenity.

There were no indications of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradual increasing respiration ceased altogether.

The Secretary's body was removed from the private residence opposite Ford's Theater to the Executive Mansion, this morning at 8:30, in a hearse, and wrapped in the American flag.

It was escorted by a small guard of cavalry Colonel Augur and other officers followed on foot. A dense crowd accompanied the remains to the White House, where a military guard included the crowd, allowing none to enter but members of the household and personal friends of the President, and those of the premises.

It is expected—though nothing has been definitely determined upon—that the funeral of the late President Lincoln will take place at the church to-day next.

It is supposed that his remains will be temporarily deposited in the Congressional Cemetery

Now Music.

Mr. John Church, jr., has favored us with the latest [illegible] popular new music, "Sherman's March to the Sea." Words by Adjutant H. M. Myers. Music by J. D. Filmpson. Dedicated to Major General W. T. Sherman. The [illegible] music and every variety of musical instruments can be had at Mr. Church's extensive establishment, No. 26 West Fourth street.

Roundabout Papers.

The Enquirer and the Fing—The Rebel Flag Abolitionized—Secession.

"Better late than never," is an adage I have always believed in—

And so I should think does the Cincinnati Enquirer, who has at last thrown its banner to the breeze.

I did hope that gentle force was resorted to in order to induce the Baker street concern to show its colors.

But I trust this is a mistake and of its own free will and accord the banner of beauty and right was given to the breeze.

The Enquirer building looked odd without our country's emblem floating from its windows—Now it is relieved by a goodly number of the glorious emblems.

And I rejoice that the editors and proprietors of it have thought better of it," and joined in the general acclamation.

There is some hope of them yet, if they will only repent in sackcloth and ashes—a good remedy for repentance—

They see, no doubt, convinced are this the only hope of saving against light and knowledge and prevailing false doctrines—

Proclaiming peace, peace, while there could possibly be no peace save at the sacrifice of our honor and manhood.

We have conquered a peace by the sword alone, and the great rebellion which the Jacqueries has helped to foster is now over—

Although that paper predicted it would never come until the last rebel had loosed found its vest ditch.

How prone we are in its mistakes—

Let us trust the Enquirer may hereafter be found battling in the cause of the Union, as it has always been battling for the Union.

It has sinned greatly and has much to answer for.

But are we not told that

"White the hand pens not to hate,
The thine sinned greatly,"

And I am glad to know that there is mercy and pardon for even such sinners as the conductors of the Cincinnati Enquirer—

And if they can be pardoned and taken again into public favor peace need despair.

And even Jeff Davis himself might look for mercy and pardon.

I had the pleasure (?) last Monday night to witness the debut of Miss Sarah Sheridan, at the National Theater, in the character of Lady Gay Spanker.

It had been given out that she was the niece of Miss Sarah Sheridan, but before her appearance, for some reason or other, the niece part of the programme was dropped—

And she became simply "Miss Sarah Sheridan, of New York"—

Her first appearance on any stage.

She was greeted with but a meagre audience and that not a very enthusiastic one.

I do not agree with the critics, for Lady Gay Spankee is such a wonderfully difficult part to [illegible] to make it appear natural—

Although it is a character which, to be effective must be well rendered.

Its novice might play it respectably, and was a certain amount of praise—

But only a true artist could make out of it a character of life and beauty.

Miss Sheridan is not a [illegible]—

She has a good figure, and a [illegible] and low voice and—

Her lips were rather dreary, although not unpleasant.

Her make up was not objectionable, although it showed the character to a dark riding habit.

She was not as awkward as some debutantes I have seen—

And no one could accuse her of a want of self-possession.

Her dress appeared to accumulate her feet disadvantageously, a riding habit at best not being [illegible] pedestrian locomotion.

But in form and feature, form and motion Miss Sheridan might have passed muster—

But her voice was terribly against her—

Although in the [illegible] or two it was no [illegible] to the closing act.

It is decidedly [illegible]—

And I should judge that Miss Sherman was a regular down-easter—

At all events, she made a regular Yankee girl out of Lady Gay Spanker—

Although a talent remarks I shall she take [illegible] as soon in Indiana.

And then her breath—

Essential what's laugh

It still rings in my ears.

It was [illegible] "Hoked sweetness long drawn out"—

"Whose me on back a bill!"

But a description is impossible—

Those who have heard it can best hope now to hear the like again—

There was nothing natural about it—

And where Miss Sherman ever got it from I mystery.

As far as the laugh goes, she can certainly claim originality.

It is deep, full voice and such a forced laugh I was impossible for her debut to be a success—

It was also impressed with the idea that Miss Sherman must have witnessed too frequently Sheridan's Impersonation of "Mose"—

And was stamping, in certain scenes, a close imitation.

Miss Sherman, if she seriously contemplates to stage as a profession, and is desirous to [illegible] as a [illegible] she must [illegible] immense, must unlearn a great deal she has learned.

She has evidently been taught [illegible] she should—

She is said to be a young lady of fine [illegible] means, of culture and intellect.

She has my best wishes for her ultimate success.

I do not believe that it would be impossible for her to succeed, and my best consideration is her advice profession.

If she is indeed sensible, she will take my [illegible] kindness, and think I am

"Cast out to be hissed."

And of her I will not say, or even think.

"Thus I forgive,
And even remember behind."

I did not like Mr. Langham's "Dazzle"—

He has done it better in the past—

I never saw him appear to so poor advantage.

Don't pull that silk over your brows so much—

You have a good forehead, and needn't be ashamed to show it.

Mr. Leresley's Charles Conroy was well received, barring the drunken scene.

I am afraid he has not had any very great experience in which he could exert the [illegible] and [illegible].

Mr. G. L. Lake's Sir Harcourt Coorily was [illegible] satisfactory.

I never saw it surpassed by [illegible]—

He is an actor of rare excellence.

Mr. [illegible] made an excellent [illegible] character of Max Meadowyn—

That is, he never acted—

He might have been boisterous without being repugnant.

Mr. H. O. Smith was the dignified servant of dignified master—

He also made some out of the scene with Mark Meddle—

Who had an excellent representative in Mr. J. Burn.

The small part of Fart was made so small as to be [illegible] of Mrs. Rosina Rosina.

I did not fancy the Grace Harkaway of Miss Allen.

Nature never fitted her for the character.

Mr. O. H. Tyler's "Dolly Spanker," to speak [illegible] was [illegible] to fair to middling.

I have seen the part in better keeping.

Mr. [illegible] as Cool Sir Charles could not complain of lack of efficient support.

Miss was called before the curtain by a few [illegible] boys, and bowed her thanks—

And it us ended "the event of the season."

Miss Sheridan's debut "event" the colonial able Shiloe will produce next?

Is posting stage fright a thing of the other after the [illegible] was attacked to crowd in room of a stable.

Miss Sheridan has a curious disposition I called hair and quickly ascertained the cause of the [illegible].

It was produced by no late telegraph of an important victory or general surrender—

The capture of a rebel mail by the Confederates—

A star was simply engaged in the operation of trimming a dog's ears.

Fiddle's watch and the operation—

Fiddle has an eligible position to one who cannot to be particularly anxious to witness the [illegible].

The fifty or sixty persons present must have [illegible] the [illegible] upon the [illegible] of the late President Lincoln will take place at the church to-day next.

This improvement or nature is both foolish and barbarous.

If the Colonel or dogs had been of the opinion they would have appealed to better advantage with their ears untrimmed he would have doubtless sent them into the world.

It's difficult to improve upon nature—

But one can see the trimming of dogs' ears is a doggish piece of business, at best.

The cutting off their tails when it is done close to the body is not much subject—

Particularly in dog days when the dogs stay [illegible].

The latest excitement in the circles is topic—a scandal was occasioned by the flight of an [illegible] wife of one of our down town merchants [illegible].

A well known good looking clerk was taken with a leaving the same time the lady disappeared.

Quite a numbers, by putting "this and that together" think they have made a discovery—

And persons to believing that Mr. ——— and Mrs. ——— are enjoying each other's society in the regions of the Eastern states.

That is the story, but no—

This is such an inconstant age we live in and we have become calling that I am ready to believe anything I hear.

A tall events the affair has created no little excitement.

My sympathies are with the betrayed husband.

How brightly the eyes shone yesterday upon nation's jubilee—

But how dark the night that follows such a morn!

It will be remembered in after ages as the night when horrors were heaped high on Secretary Seward—

The night when a guest and good man was assassinated whilst sitting at a play—

The night when the tidings of the murderous wound the victim in the President of the United States—

The night when the treason of the South culminated in a deed of damned treachery engendered—

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is!
But this most foul, strange and unnatural."

The excitement attendant upon the news of this dark and bloody deed began to subside—

Men, in the street, ceased to [illegible] their strange faces, and ask each other what all [illegible] meant?

One whom the nation loved has been cruelly done to death.

Let it be said that a terrible revenge is now meted out to those who were the inciters to this deed.

Let us all remember that "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, and I will repay."

I have not been able to [illegible] [illegible] that is if wise one thus hinted departed—

Who is Death, that nightly lays around his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

City News.

Consumption.

The following unanswerable letter, from a gentleman of the medical profession, is commended briefly in the New York Herald, correspondingly to the numerous testimonials to the success attending the treatment by 'inhalation' of diseases of the lungs, by Dr. Hunter, now of 201 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

JEFFERSON STREET, ORDER POINT, } SAGINAW, E. Mich., Feb. 1865. }

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

SIR—For some time past considerable interest has been awakened, both in and out of the profession, by the publication of a series of popular letters from the pens of Dr. Hunter, of New York, on the successful treatment and discussion by inhalation. That these letters manifest a professional acquaintance with pulmonary disease, and are written in a most attractive style, cannot for a moment be questioned, but whether all for great importance remained to be tested remained, whether the application of the principles advocated by Dr. Hunter would be realized by their success in practice.

Of late, I have observed in several newspapers extracts from the letters of physicians calling on Dr. Hunter for the publication of cases. Now the only matter for consideration is, whether the success of inhalation has been equal to the expectations raised by its announcement, or greater than the practice in common use.

I have myself personally witnessed the recovery of two cases of consumption. They had been for some time under the care of physicians of acknowledged acquirements, but were gradually sinking into their graves. The first of these cases (Mr. Jonathan Organ, of Green Point, Brooklyn), was apparently of a hopeless character, a cavity having already formed, and the right lung was great emaciation, she was unable to walk any distance, and had all the worst symptoms which usually attend cases of phthisis in an advanced stage. Mr. Organ was induced from the last testimony to consult Dr. Hunter otherwise, to put her medical care of Dr. Hunter.

I was anxious to witness the effects of Dr. H.'s treatment by inhalation in her case, as I knew it to be a desperate one. A few days after she began to use the inhalation, I saw a marked evidence of improvement—her breathing became more free, her general health daily improved, and I am too happy to be able to say that this movement has progressed so steadily until she is now in excellent health and spirits—a result which I have no hesitation in saying no other medical treatment known in the profession could possibly have effected in her case. The other case—that of Mr. Griffin, of the same place—was very similar in its character to that of Mrs. Organ. This case I have watched closely, and the result has been equally satisfactory. As a professional man, I was induced at first to give a possible attention to Dr. Hunter's treatment, feeling a very deep interest in his published reviews on the subject, but I confess I was not at all prepared for the speedy, decided, and unmistakable success which attended it in the two cases.

The effect on my own mind has been such that I cannot entertain any doubt for a single moment, the prejudice which too often feeds medical men to oppose a new practice. On the contrary, I am led at once to put aside all the care my own sister-in-law, Miss Wood, also a case of tuberculous consumption, under the character to Mrs. Organ's. Miss Wood was under Dr. Hunter's treatment for about six weeks, and I am happy to say that she, too, is progressing toward a cure in a manner most highly gratifying to myself and her friends. After these undeniable evidences, coming under my own observation, in so satisfactory a manner as I have, can not be silent. As a general rule, medical men have a dislike to appearing in the columns of a newspaper on any subject connected with medical practice; there are occasions, however, when it becomes a duty to set aside those feelings and bear an honest testimony to the truth, and I am relieved, as a man who respects his profession, that Dr. Hunter has the power to bear this ample testimony to the success of Dr. Hunter's treatment in consumption.

Yours, very truly,
R. J. HUSBAND, M. D.

Barcelona Trout and White Fish!

Just received per express, a large supply of these celebrated fish, which, as a fresh-water fish, are only equaled by the famous brook trout and Canvas-back. Lake fish can be had dressed before being shipped, and sweetbreads have been received from the East, which are in any store for sale. I have contracted for all the fish taken from these waters for the season, and am prepared to supply the public in general with all they want. The special attention of my old friends, and the Sabbath School trade, is called to the above fact.

T. C. GREEN,
Corner Fifth and Vine streets.

Notice.

THE OFFICE.—We know of no place in the city where men do congregate, where they can be rendered more comfortable than at "The Office," on Vine street, East side just above Fourth street, carefully presided over by Mr. George Ellis, who as caterer stands unrivaled, and has the happy faculty of making all around him all feel at home. The bar is most beautifully supplied with the very best of wines, sherry, liquors and ales, while a quiet and pleasant back room contains papers from all parts of the world. Drop in this morning and partake of an extra drink.

SCHOELLER EXTRACT.—An enterprising quack has contrived to extract from a sausage a powerful tonic, which he says possesses all the virtues of the original flesh. He calls it the "sulphate of canine." He anticipates a great popularity for it. I will not be surprised to find it as Flagg's saloon on Vine street, near Fifth with the words of the old song whistled with many liquors and cigars. He has the best.

☞ THE PLACE TO EXCHANGE GOLD AND SILVER.—A. A. Eyster, No. 271 Central Avenue, pays the highest price for old Gold and Silver. One may be sure of getting full value for cast-off jewelry, &c., at this establishment. A stock of watches for sale at reasonable rates. Mr. Eyster and his experienced workmen. A large assortment of Watches and Jewelry kept constantly on hand.

LUNCH.—An extra lunch was spread by Bishop Hall on Friday last, but this is nothing extra for Bish. He takes pleasure in catering for his guests, and in the reputation already, too—setting out the best lunch in the city, which is spread from morning and night. He has undoubtedly the very neatest saloon in the city, and his bar is supplied with the choicest of wines, liquors, and cigars. Drop in at his saloon, on Long-worth street near Vine, in the Catholic Institute building.

UNION OCEAN STAR.—We call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Dickson, in another column. He manufactures the best Cough Syrup, which has a trial of it convinces we recommend to the public. He also manufactures a superior article of fixtures, and other medicines, warrant for healing.

LOU BEHAN'S EATING HOUSE.—This popular establishment has been improved and enlarged, and the proprietor is prepared to accommodate any number of persons with warm meals already cooked, at reasonable prices—lower than restaurants. The bar is stocked with the best of wines, liquors, and cigars. Don't forget to give him a call, on No. 20 West Third street, opposite the Burnett House.

Ladies' Dining Saloon.—The Ladies' Dining Saloon attached to the Buckeye Dining Saloon, No. 172 Vine street, is now open, where all the delicacies of the season can be had at moderate prices. Ladies will find this a first-class dining room, and meals served at all hours, the same as in the Gentleman's Saloon. Entrance 170 Vine street.

METROPOLITAN GIFT BOOKSTORE.—The Metropolitan Gift Bookstore, 124 West Fourth street, is the best and cheapest place in the city to buy all kinds of Books, and get free a present worth from fifty cents to a hundred dollars. Call and get free a present worth from fifty cents to a hundred dollars. Call and get free a present worth from fifty cents to a hundred dollars. Call